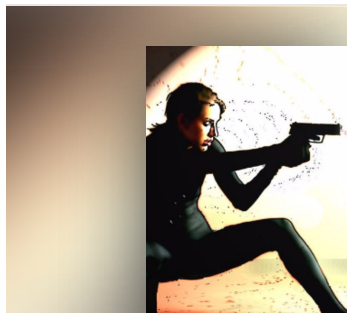




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# The Last Drill



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## Chapter 1 by Emily.D

She held her breath, trying not to make a sound. He took out his speargun. In the corner of her eyes, she saw a 15mm thick metal rope. *Come on Scarlett, use your bloody brain!* Opening her jet pouch, she took out her gripper. "Agent Gurdy, we need you to do this right now," she heard the agency say. Scarlett was ready. She firmly held the rope and lunged forward towards him. Stretching her feet out, she pushed him off the skyscraper. He fell down, the speargun falling out of his hand. "Sorted, happy now?" she said sarcastically. "Ok, we need you to get right back to the Secret agency right now, ASAP"

"Ok," Scarlett replied.

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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